

A SNOW LEOPARD ARRIVES



A NOUVELLA
BY VENEETA SINGHA

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Contents

Chapter I	1
Chapter II	6
Chapter III	10
Chapter IV	14
Chapter V	18
<i>About the Author</i>	21

Chapter I

Acourtyard from the past seeks fame in lieu of fortune's puissance. My spirit is uplifted by Ravel and the symphonic elevations. The breeze worked inadvertently as a soporific, the saviour, a balm on denial that bends at will. The animals show their spirit minus the anthropologist morphing boundaries to extend fellowship, to try the patchwork logic, to teach humanity. Fabled as Hinduism's expert oracle, Nepal has awoken to peace. We are as yet a whole, a piece of the homemade jigsaw puzzle, an urbanity better understood through racial recognition than those novel beauty advisories. Would that be duty incendiaries, too? Incarnate, the histories of our famed machete leave their mark on lifestyle evangelism. I will soon turn to the vernacular for better grammarians, more room to distance the Elektra, less incentivization.

The turbid rain sieved a cellular, molecular, ionic evolution. When it rains in Spain is when it will rain on Spanish festivities. We heard of the Casa. We now know the Medici and so much more. Monks depict our new but old humanism. The spirit's arduous climb is trending, re-territorializing, distancing the

anti-social. Programmed life need not tear the mind's cautious will. We found winter's repose slowly, in calm, without turpentine. A requiem is still a requiem of painted cellulose, of vanity displayed, of tardy conscience. My material insufficiencies made for jocularity, a pause, that sudden dirge for the media maker. Our spirit needs rest, resolution, reverberating victory at the ballot of representatives. Many have passed through the halls, but the corridor is a pleasantry, a peasant's new passion, the long walk to a cup of soup. A chef's hat proves to be game-changing, a salvo for life.

I turned down the volume and found leisure, leavened hypocrisy, a dichotomy of the senses. Our mountain friend has returned to the cabin of plenty. It is cold but carefully so. There is talk of winning, of Christmas in the café, of better condiments for all. An augmented community divides a precious unity and we call for peaceful composure. Body language was terror, personification, a mortar and pestle of political agony. Society's finest resistance campaign has lost its battle with change. Changeling enterprise and changed management have mesmerized our political gurus - time is a clocked, parliamentary decision. Informed by gullibility, my neighbour chose to chase faux and harness fake persona. We are not bound by Byzantine nail care any more.

There is free will for all. A wizened man called out to his people in wise verse. Scholarly waves denounce war in mediated rhetoric, the weak personal weakened by heaped derision, walled corruption. Planes reverse sonic confusion. It was a good time to fly

east. I found good employment - it was not for me. A boarded negotiation brings many pursuits to the table. Combat-trained, our guru saw the potential, realised the hubris, turned the tables on easy proliferation. An easy life is transmuted suffering, might in leopard's clothing, jargon as styled conversation. We watch celluloid power with eager attention and the irascible governor sends forth history with cardamom-infused precision. It was a fine exercise in dousing the revisionist's evil. The axes are studied and, thereby, severed in a spoonful of southern gravy. Severance is now a compensatory diner with homely potted plants, wardrobe perks and shiny bangles.

Early morning was recaptured, recapitulated by birds from the nearby forest. Our pigeon bath and the attendant hyper-localisation brought, in their wake, better glossaries, fulsome Beaujolais, Tik Tok's alarm sequential. Kathmandu Valley sought sounds of awakenings and natural law. We were visited, revisited, a resounding ordinance cheered by bright animalia. Agile competence and agility, itself, are rebounding with insightful purpose. The hive is a social network, a honey-glazed pot of curry, evanescent karma for despots. We cannot see too far beyond but are not senseless, maimed by power, or infantilized by rich hegemonies. The booth years have jostled enough and the comrade was polishing the wooden doorways. Although democracy is lively and entertaining, the democrats for whom it exists in the present-day world lack a healthy sense of humour, a wholesome understanding of reason, expressive temporality.

Today's inviolability was piquant. The citizen is not a supreme

legacy for nothing. I walked in situ and the cows, monkeys and sparrows showed peculiar wisdom. As the dramatic personae chose obsolete and motley tribalism, the city throbbed with activity, commerce, pale intolerance. History's humour-mongers are home. The media is not a lifestyle. A script for living *al dente* arose from the nether regions. We heckled its inevitable and decimated deadness. Language was mentioned but lessened by clever bots. The painted posse drove an uncanny dialogue back to the alchemist. An apothecary relegated disease to the farthest corner of the horizon. Crisis control has led the way in and out of belligerent biospheres but the secrets to life are no longer a discovery. We are, in toto, in existence. Summer's trifles are tucked away. Celery is the new contemporary. A chatbot's denial cannot buy time nor space. Ferrets, in feral mode, twist an ordinary tale and fire turns into light.

Depravity showed depreciation and minimized reach. The personhood, so cherished by power, waxes and wanes as we learn to see through the smokescreen and translate into action our fortitude. Sensory denial was laughed at, mocked, scorned as lacking in humanity. I spoke daringly of the sovereign, the sovereign nature of existence, sovereignty beyond promise and potential. Hindu beliefs can expostulate and, also, make a small but important indentation in habitual confusion. The flower offering is a celebration. The light is an offering and a timely, traditional prologue. The water jar is here to stay. On trial for predestined disaster, we rose to an occasion summarily vaulted by the war chests. Is there, indeed, any real world of happiness and safety there? The othered among us are laughing. The pose is a bow, a turn of phrase, the return of holy, nativity scenes.

CHAPTER I

A reversal revised an untimely conflict, but well-timed snacks could teach a better way.

Chapter II

Lunch is restored. The penne was turnkey, an airwave resplendence, sumptuously classical. The unknown epicurean has invented the sous vide for us. Bowls, serviettes, mats no longer signify statements of class and other human distinctions. We found the video jockey again - resisting offensives and presenting crude precision. The debut class stuck out like a sore thumb. Many disparagements are due. Simply, we are undermined, underlined, under the doldrums of political correctness. The phenomenology is far more complex than the terminology. A scriptwriter could wonder as we have wavered, but flaxen folly is morbid. We were young, unwilling and unafraid. We sit through loud sabre rattling, tattling, wars in higher arenas. The western surround-sound modernity pales in comparison to our novel eastern physicality, the old vintner's brand personality, an occurrence we fine-tune every day for peace.

Many hands made light humour and pun-manship. We deliberated well for preservation, a decent place in the annals, an *a priori* often mistaken as a priority. Class trumped at the

breakfast table. I aim for a sous chef's recipe share. Hopes, dreams, ambitions are checked in the personal brand discussion, for an authentic afterlife, for humanity in adversarial abatements. The microwave is smart, sonar, macrocosmic. A Mediterranean delectable is better than a subterranean victory. The solid ground of Nepali progressive thought is non-renewable but laughably resonant. We were rediscovered, rehabilitated, retrofitted in our own chinoiserie. Porcelain demigods reclaim their true master. He did not speak to be heard – PowerPoint handouts are *mise en place*. Does life, in true form, reduce lemons or lemongrass? The transgression called a bitter end loosens tongues, leaves with no sound, lessens the process. It is thrilling to see the azure forests nearby.

The pathway is empty, comrade stonybrook's last satiation, an ombudsman for humanity. An easy livelihood could enliven the hills with mere footsteps. But, we are bound, re-bound, unbound by glib statements from statesmen in pinstripes. Our clothing is newfound partisanship just as our home-made recipes were tradition incarnate. The cyclical, wavelike recurrence of genomics in pink is discussed and put away as party ethics. I could, soon, be employed not deployed. The technical proficiencies we rely on for basic necessities do us proud. The air plane landed. Airwaves did not catch on fire. A bird song is not quaint any more rather life on earth with avocado toast as serfdom's last political show. I return to my own wiles. The picaresque spewed discontent in agonising bursts. Fire is not incarceration nor instant gratification. It is a beginning.

The prolific media system is akin to a cloud burst, that fulsome Pinot in a stemmed goblet, an arterial maze that whistles like a kettle when news is imminent. Broth is not bouillon. We debated existence, emergence, comparative ideation in underlined whispers. Italicized Latin is no longer a vigorous discussion point. It is acceptable to be in vogue and vernacular, to be a local vestige, to be uncomfortable in velvet. We fought in poetry. The social post was expression itself. A look can cause political shutdowns. We could be the effect and its unprepared contingency. Shakespeare is aspirational. Our literary heroes are history in surface tablets and institutional spaces are no longer hostile, heathen, hubris in black. News from far and near beats the heat and dust of Nepali living styles. It was a time for repentance and appeasement. They think in frames, fugues, furnished backdrops. Works of art are everywhere, building attitudes, refining ambience.

A pressure valve named employability reached a point of no returnees. Training and the vocational enterprise catapult to distant but reserved power stations. An undeserving fate is comparable to a mug of potato soup in summer. Midday wares leave us smiling and surprised. The nightly owl was white, unrelenting, gifted by its own comrades-in-arms. Moles make a comeback. It is a medical counterpoint to be fittingly agile. Tomes could be written on a rock garden that was mistaken for a hill. The hilltop glistens with rain, mist and a new sheltering called a monastery. The chosen moda became encoded, encrypted, banked for byzantine glass ceilings. We decalcify our shoe racks. Science did not trend well but spread in proper language. I hesitated over sprigs and saw spring next

CHAPTER II

door. It has been a loud decade, a louder counterinsurgency, a large triad of bad vocals.

Chapter III

May day is a good way to communalize, seek community, discover international solidarity. The word international grew into a chasm of belief, existence, human responsibility. Schisms were a novel historical reference many years ago. Sanctity was a blessing. The world has arisen to it and much more. I reserved the homily and chose Nepali adage as our method and memoranda. Some words are misplaced but it was altruism which went to waste. The theories theorized just as mathematics rang true. The right-angled triangle deserves its five nanoseconds of fame. Pythagoras must be remembered. They took the names, familiarities, fables to familiarize themselves. We take umbrage and deviate from life's promises and potent presentations. The Book of Job was a long-forgotten explanation. School is, after all, schooling for young people. Learners' badges rekindle a literacy famously found in libraries. The potentates are home. Pleasant songs and peasant tableware are planned. Executives are travelling the last mile and privilege was mistaken to be the privy purse for human misery.

I walked, explored the stifled ground, barricaded our faith. Barbed wires from the past no longer incite revolution. Instead, our pet names derive from conversational expertise, humoured social groupings, industriousness. Talented painters leave us with an affinity, an affiliation towards friendship, that chosen Facebook request for a few more uppers. Markets are super around the city - a discipline that exhibits to the very last box, the first shutter, a garrison of wares. I sit and begin the usual relaxation dialectic. We are deserving, stamped, alleviated from looming menial servitude. The office is smiling, these days. They are also entrepreneurs and artisans. We could not stop the chagrin, but we grin at the receding violence, at arbitrary racial proliferation, at Bertha in a squaw's hoodie. Absolute in requiem, music and dance delivered famously angry moments through digital platforms. The television meanders into our kitchens and cerebral reverberations.

Have we reached the emblazoned finality called human life? It was a time of post-human aggravations - an illusionist's business model which was badly researched. Failure makes for good frills, bad expressions, horror in purple. I am hopeful that we can fix well and fit holistic goodness right back in. Those open-sourced hilarities are well-appreciated now. Science and other human advancements have not replaced belief, ancient designs, or progressive language learning logic. We were watched for transformations but gaps in knowledgeability resolved a transition towards radicalization. It is better to ask for help than to be the help or so they claim. All the gold in the gold shop could not compensate for harms undone, for politics re-invented, for familial clothing issues. Biometrics are the pivot. Being an

intelligent person, I try to decode the streams of information and intelligibility that give impetus to machine-based innovations and computations.

An early bird by the window adds meaning and moments to an eventful day. Those encounters and easy confrontations in alleys of wonder have sealed prevarication. We cannot measure life but we do mixology well. I chose to stay the course, a simplicity, the victorious cycle. The tetra pack of associations and leagues ran around in circles. I was busy with the story circle, an upliftment of the spirit, a pre-Rasselias dystopia. Our philosophies zoomed and panned. Voices grew loud. The lay of the land returned saffron to us as a peace benefit. Dividends are nigh. Haloes appear in form. Children look ahead with joy and enjoy quiz time. Workers remove ill will from inner sanctums. Ichangu is my travelogue. Khokana is my rediscovery. Bhaktapur will be our ancient promise.

The Valse is a soporific, an honorific, that elusive per diem of blanc verse. We write to communicate, to print a thought, to travel with words not sound. I started to play the Prelude in C again. Notes, keys, fractional anticipations spread in harmony. Sensibility did not dance by the window. I am pleased with the oven's relentless resolutions. Divinity was distressingly announced and marked. God does move in mysterious days. Ancestral tradition gave rise to monitoring checks by brave figures of braver pasts. Discrete and dire, my world stands together in closed silence but, also, in copious laughter. We were thought to be weaponised, weapons built for warrior crises,

distant but sharp in retribution. A hearty meal can lighten many burdens. Misappropriated, our dinnerware reverted. Mismanaged contingencies no longer lengthen the agon nor the divisions. *Laissez-faire* is home too. Early friendships are of a cadence. A restaurant broke a scattered illusion. We are not poor nor illiterate, rather a catastrophe's progression in hazards and obligations. Gratuity is grey and foreboding. The coronation makes everyone feel alive. Faraway stories of knights and ghouls demonise otherworldly interactions. We are a parliamentary persuasion.

Chapter IV

A wireframe of peace built nurture back into nature and the wilderness. Jungle cries were heard nearby. It is not the season to be jolly yet. Our zygote compatriots are going home too. The monkey from *Swayambhu* was polite and firm. The cat next door eased into naturopathy. Empaths from the highlands bid us a cheery farewell. Dining styles became the order of the day. A day out to lunch brought the blended mode into focus - it is, after all, water and stone. Wood, I believe, we should reserve for beams and bolted structures. There were iron locks everywhere. Soon, I began to replace the medieval joust in my city with a wild, wild East. The creative imagination, much touted, needs a modern twist. Toast would work well. Tea is perfect in the afternoon. A digital imaginary sprang right in front of the algorithm aficionado. A smart home is a pronounced statement for resettlement, repurposed life, co-existence. As the world awakens to new leadership, we have much by way of reportage to complete, design, amalgamate. Appreciation is no longer a tight-lipped particularity. Newer alignments decipher our message of hope. Young people begin the day with a human protocol.

Many hearts and minds appear calm and conscientious. A good day of work is rising in prominence. The critical balance, as always, is the mighty sword - a quill large enough to turn scars into tepid novels. The great, and untimely, decline seems a passing thought. A descent does not merit our expertise. Simple shop talk is likely. The neighbour transitioned, tranfixed immortality, tore away ritual nervosa. The surround sound bildungsroman is lilting, an unbecoming, the poetry we did not receive. Solid and cleansed, the shimmering grounds of Sitapaila theorize ease and comfort. Unfurling life stands in equipoise, eager dispensation, wise humanity. Sans terre will not be a new lingo. My project of celebratory pictures is in shape, form, phrased literacy.

Songs of humility take a firm stance. Ours is a beatific reversion. We watched in long anticipation. The unresolved amongst us will explain misfortune and other historical compositions hereon. Imposed and unaware, we have travelled into territory itself. Smiles are a happy occurrence, and we learn to forge better paths. Freedom is the unsung hero, a bitter dispute, an armed but unkindled fire. We spoke of God and satanic revisionism. Brighter minds are taking the lead and the light far into the future. Futurism fears more evil. I am making al dente, playing Arpeggio, pictorializing temples built by kings. Priestly robes are important for disambiguation, dissertations, dire necessity. The phonograph need no longer extend into playgrounds and good habits. A picture can very well dispell myths, measure time, and refine memory. Bad news persists. Our internal strengths and dialogics are fragmentary connections, inchoate in wordiness, doubled by international armistice.

The next-door fantastic perseveres in homely theatricality. Awake and advertised, we collect our thoughts, delegate customary officialese, perform the rites of existence. Washed for infinitude, their wares and commodities appear trite, tested, a hierarchy of actionable transmutation. Rushdie was correct in measured, moveable temporality. Space is not a race not a hypersonic individuality. Sovereign people are transforming old and bellicose hillsides. Labour stands tall and toughened. A oneness resumes its darkened march to the future. Repurposed wrought iron looks wonderful in white. We move towards elevated tradition with a lightened burden, a familial obligation long mistaken for blind faith, an awareness that includes good shoes. Post-Darwinism was considered a modern movement of high political standing. The cipher makes us count the dots not simply connect them. An international scribe with patent knowledge is better for localism than those without. Geography is no easy past time. Historical dramas recall an incantation for virtue.

Venal sin is the counterpoint for every mishap in the terra firma. I listened to the Deutsche Gramophone much as we had, earlier, listened to the gramophone in a skating rinc that built minds too. It is a symbolic vista that brings focussed delivery into play. Impressive and altered, the city's hotspots relieve collectivism from a common and bourgeois narrative, a shared margin, an evil order. Chaotic signals of human ignominy made the Super laugh well into the night. Had they, in actual fact, misunderstood language itself? Or just people living, working, moving ahead? Depth is a fine preoccupation, but deep learning is an aspirational mode. I begin to see technological progress

CHAPTER IV

beyond everyday prerequisites. The big picture is big, bold, binding the book with gilt covers. Tragic flaws are plenty in a world of determination and discrimination. Undeterred, the unbelievers move away. Disenchantment has lost its piercing gaze to post-structural prospects. My friends returned home and the leading lights are nowhere in sight. Wither wanders our friendship? The vassal state is another, acquiescent state of mind.

Chapter V

Nowhere is the summer rain more profound than in the Nepali highlands. Picture makers are appraising downstream emanations. The multi-grained, multi-hued, multi-modal apparatus we call natural design is instructional, indelible, an arena too vast for hostile takeovers. Much as we environmentalize in winter, they naturalize blushing summer for better sands. A desertified chameleon grapples with iron and we see deserted, dreary ends as factual not simply fateful. Had I chosen to reap rewards, I would have nothing to bring to the Gantt chart of assurances. Self-identity serves well when the server is not down. Error messages finally clamp down on endless speculation. An idol is not an idle lifeline in the modern walk for autonomy. My vicinity of Nepali homes is quiet in the evenings. Despairing and devoid, they turned ideation into a currency. My old neighbours appear reasonably rested. Mediterranean fish is soul food in Nepal. A parched leaf distances the secret of life and allows me to sit. It is a centurion articulation. Cryosphere research resumes the vital work of life. Tiresome racialization won a bitter reprieve. Our peacebuilding ways could conquer polished marble too.

My travel details remain ageless, timeless, feasible. The temple subsumes both arcane and modern philosophy with limestone, levers of power, invocations of ethereal vision. Stony and grounded, the surface is a sensory appeal. Tough, hardened, energized - the fora for political grievance turn social capital on its head as red mud recants the tribunal of terror. I stopped to look while leaden weight invested in a historic town's high panels. That outward artery of destitution leaves its mark on people. But, personality is not welcome dominion ethics. With fervent prayer and conch shells, we ushered in daily life as ritual intervention itself. My small parkland solves an equation in green boughs. Had they appropriated the bamboo grove instead, I could have flown to less uncertainty. An abyss is brought to bear on our new (but old) makers' movement. Would they ever consider stasis, static electricity, sound without fury? Peace, of course, is the chosen return on investment. Could they measure their own hellish devolution? Sovereign personage disputes claims of originality. A few shallower semiological fallacies from middle earth could end my radical ennui.

A group of elders seasoned our knowledge bases with imperatives as good as gold. We are home, healing, heaving. A man in pyjamas appeared as I sat in the shade. His walking stick was barely visible, but his strides spoke in quiet persistence. Movements of change remind me that the ideal of movement itself is in dire need of packers, movers, transporters, *bhariyas*. Small carts need not cause massive disruption in people spheres. A mindful trip has become aromatic therapy, argonauts in spring, easy understanding. I mentioned the caravan in disparaging terms. I have not been blessed with any empathy since. Words

in our lexicon take flight frequently and reserve misjudgement. Nepali is still in common parlance, a learnt art, the Pali of informative delivery. Modern struggles with systems, suffering, scenic alterations are everyone's reclaimed territory. How well the world works in shared compatibility! Purposive, eclectic, rational living bodes well for me. I can speak with logic and cook a hearty meal in rhythmic balance.

Moments encountered and memorized become artifice, psychological, systematic apparitions. We dove deep into the collective psyche for meaning, method, scripts in a world of semiological development. Intelligent classification might go the distance should catastrophe resurface. Wants and needs are everyone's basics, byzantine records, Nineveh's nine yards. The generation of tired minds won generative co-workers. Browsers are not surfboards. The Metaverse is an interior frame, an opus of interactivity, the very wonder we put away for global connectivity and privacy rights. It is a spectrum. Lightening explains just as much as it propels dynamism, dissolution, resplendent naturalism. We have won the battle for natural law. If it were anything else, our Super would be an independent and aural authority. The snow leopard lives in cohesion with the rest of our factory promises.



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